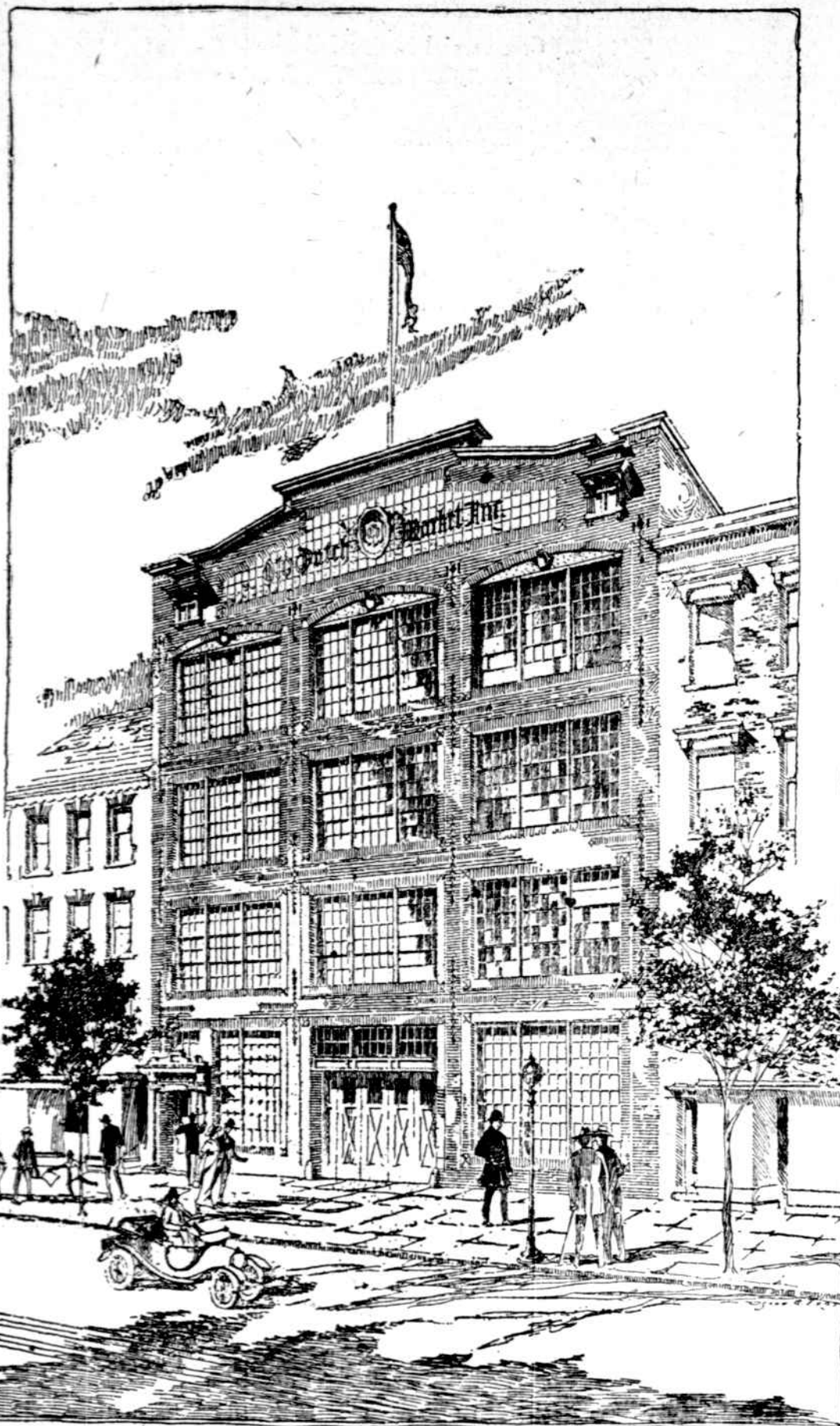


OLD DUTCH MARKET PLANS PALATIAL AVENUE STORE



SKETCH OF NEW BUILDING.

One of the most important building ventures in Washington's downtown business section is that of Col. Robert Craig and David Mahon Craig, trustees of the Craig estate, who are building for the Old Dutch Market, at 623-24 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, a building substantial in size and type and of artistic appearance.

Last January the J. A. Whitfield Company, the wholesale meat supply department of the Old Dutch Market system, bought out Armour & Co.'s local quarters, located at 623-25 B street northwest. The Armour plant was well equipped with refrigerators, smokehouses and manufacturing facilities for the handling of the meat and meat products on a large scale. The Armour plant was owned by the Craig estate, with whom the Old Dutch Market entered into negotiations, looking to extension of the building through to Pennsylvania avenue.

The deal was negotiated through the offices of Shannon & Luchs, the building was designed by Oscar Vogt, the engineering features are being looked after by M. S. Cooley and the contract awarded to Boyle-Robertson Construction Company.

The building is four stories and cellar, of reinforced concrete. The front exterior will be light tapestry brick. The steel ash window system will be employed. In the cellar will be located the power plant, consisting of batteries steam boilers of the smokeless type, electric generators, and refrigerating compressors. In the cellar will be four large freezing and curing rooms for meat.

The first floor will be occupied by the grocery department and the fruit and vegetable department. The second floor will be given over to grocery warehouse purposes.

The third floor will be occupied by the general offices and dressing rooms. The fourth or top floor will be occupied by a bakery and the sausage and delicatessen departments.

Will Have Gravity Chute. One of the special features of the building is a double gravity chute, one division of which takes care of the bakery and the other division of the grocery department.

This magnificent improvement on Pennsylvania avenue in connection with the present building on B street will give the Old Dutch Market a plant one block long, fronting fifty-four feet on Pennsylvania avenue and on B street.

The contract calls for the building to be completed by December 15, and it is present plans of the company to move in the first week in January.

Personal Interest. We understood it better on our return in the evening.

In Depths of Woods. Now we found ourselves in depth of the woods, the primitive woods of oak and beach in the deep that the great oak leaves. There had been rain and the forest paths were ankle deep in mire.

Everywhere to right and left, soldiers' faces, hard and rough from a year of open air, gazed up at us from their burrows in the ground. Presently an alera, blue-clad figure stood in the forest to greet us. It was the Colonel of the sector.

He was ridiculously like Cyrano de Bergerac as depicted by the late M. Coquelin, save that his nose was of more moderate proportion. The ruddy coloring, the bristling feline full-fledged mustache, the solidity of pose, the backward tilt of the head, the general suggestion of the bantam cock, were all there in the sunlit, Gantlets and a long rapier—nothing else was wanted. Something had amused Cyrano. His mustache quivered with suppressed mirth, and his blue eyes were demurely gleaming. Then the joke came out. He had spotted a German working party, his guns had concentrated on it, and afterwards he had seen the stretchers go forward. A grim joke, it may seem, but the French see this war from a different angle to us.

opened. Cyrano had sprung to his side. His reddish mustache had shot forward beyond his nose, and it bristled out like that of an angry cat. Both were looking up at the group above us. One wretched man detached himself from his comrades and sidled down the hill. No skipper and mate of a Yankee blood boat could have looked more ferociously at a mutineer. And yet it was all over in a minor breach of discipline which was summarily disposed of by two days of confinement. Then in an instant the faces relaxed, there was a general buzz of relief and we were back at "Mes mits." again. But don't make any mistake as to discipline in the French army.

Trenches and Trenches. Trenches are trenches, and the main specialty of these in the Argonne is that they are nearer to the enemy in fact, there are places where they interlock, and where the advanced posts lie cheek by Jowl. We were brought to a sap head where the Germans were at the other side of a narrow road. Had I leaned forward with extended hand and a German the same we could have touched. I looked across, but saw only a tangle of wire and stocks. Even whispering was not permitted in these forward posts.

When we emerged from these hushed places of danger Cyrano took us all to his dug-out, which was a tasty little cottage carved from the side of a hill and faced with logs. He did the honors of the humble cabin with the air of a seigneur in his chateau. There was little furniture, but from some broken mansion he had extracted an iron fire-back, which adorned his grate. It was a fine, medieval bit of work with Venus, in her traditional costume, in the center of it. It seemed the last touch in the picture of the gallant, virile Cyrano. I only met him this once, nor shall I ever see him again, yet he stands a thing complete within my memory. Even now as I write these lines he walks the leafy paths of the Argonne, his fierce eyes ever searching for the German worker, his red mustache bristling over their annihilation. He seems a figure out of the past of France.

That night we dined with yet another type of the French soldier, the general, who commands the corps of these French generals has a striking individuality of his own which I wish I could fix upon paper. Their only common point is that each seems to be a rare good soldier. The corps general is Athos with a touch of d'Artagnan. He is well over six feet high, blond, jovial, with huge, upcurling mustache, and a voice that would rally a regiment.

It is a grand figure which should have been done by Van Dyck with lace collar, hands on sword, and arm akimbo. Jovial and laughing was he, but stern and hard soldier was lurking behind the smiles. This name may appear in history, and so may Humbert's, who rules all the army of which this officer's corps is a unit. Humbert is a Lord Robert's figure, small, wiry, quick-stepping, all steel and elastic, with a short, sharp upturned mustache, which one could imagine as crackling with electricity in moments of excitement like a cat's fur. What he does or says is quick, abrupt, and to the point. He fires his remarks like pistol shots at this man or that. Once to my horror he fixes me with his hard little eyes and demanded "Sherlock Holmes, est-ce qu'il est un soldat dans l'armée Anglaise?" The whole table went in an awful hush. "Mais, mon general," I stammered, "l'est trop vieux pour servir." There was general laughter, and I felt that I had scrambled out of an awkward place.

An Enemy Shot.

And talking of awkward places, I had forgotten about the spot upon the road whence the German observer could see our motor cars. He had actually laid a gun upon it, theascal, and waited all the long day for our return. No sooner did we appear upon the slope than a shrill shell burst above us, but something behind me, as well as to the left. Had it been straight the second car would have got it, and there might have been a vacancy in one of the chief editorial chairs in London. The general shouted to the driver to speed up, and we were soon safe from the German gunners. One gets perfectly immune to noises in these scenes, for the guns which surround you make louder crashes than any shell which bursts about you. It is only when you actually see the cloud over you that your thoughts come back to yourself, and that you realize that in this wonderful drama you may be a useless super, but none the less you are on the stage and not in the stalls.

Next morning we were down in the front trenches at another portion of the line. Far away on our right, from a spot named the Observatory, we could see the extreme left of the front position and shells bursting on the File Morte. To the north of us was a broad expanse of sunny France, nestling villages scattered chateaux, rustic churches

and all as inaccessible as if it were the moon. It is a terrible thing, the vision of a man bar a thing unthinkable to Britons.

Would Break Hearts. To stand on the edge of the Yorkshire and look into Lancashire feeling that it is in other hands, that our fellow countrymen are suffering there and waiting, waiting for help, and that we cannot, after two years, come a yard nearer to them—would not break our hearts? Can I wonder that there is no spillover upon the grim faces of these Frenchmen? But when the bar is broken, when the line sweeps forward, as most surely it will—ah, what a day that will be! Men will die that day from the pure, delicious joy of it. We cannot think what it means to France, and the less so because she stands so nobly patient waiting for her hour.

French officers above a certain rank develop and show their own individuality. In the lower grades the condition of service enforces a certain uniformity. The British officer is a British gentleman first and an officer afterward. The Frenchman is an officer first though none the less the gentleman stands behind him.

It was the evening of the third day that we turned our faces to Paris once more. It was my last view of the French. The roar of their guns went far with me upon my way. So many of France, far away in your own phrase I salute you. Many have seen you who had more knowledge by which to judge your manifold virtues. Many also who had more skill to draw you as you are, but never one, I am sure, who admired you more than I. Great was the French soldier under Louis the Sun-King, great, too, under Napoleon, but never was he greater than today.

And so it is back to England and to home. I feel sobered and solemn from all that I have seen. It is a blind vision which does not see more than the men and the guns, which does not catch something which is at the heart of it. "Thin eyes have seen the story of the 'coming of the Lord.'"

He is trampling out the vineyard where the grapes of wrath are stored." We have found no inspired singer yet, like Julia Ward Howe, to voice the divine meaning of it all—that meaning which is more than numbers or guns upon the day of battle. But who can see the adult manhood of Europe standing in a double line, 40 miles long from the English Channel to the Alps, waiting for a signal to throw themselves upon each other, without knowing that he has looked upon the most terrific of all the dealings between the creature below and that great force above, which works so strangely toward some distant but glorious end.

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Graphic Picture of Argonne Fighting Sketched by Doyle

Sir Arthur Tells of Scenes that Suggest the Haunting Lines: "There Fell a War in a Woody Place—In a Land Beyond the Sea."

By SIR A. CONAN DOYLE.
French Army in the Argonne, July 1.—There is a couplet of Stevenson's which haunts me. "There fell a war in a woody place—in a land beyond the sea." I have just come back from spending three wonderful days in that woody place. It lies with the open, bosky country of Verdun on its immediate right and the chalk hills of Champagne upon its left. It is a very undulating country of abrupt hills and dales. It is this peculiarity which has made the war on this front different to any other, more picturesque and more secret. In front the fighting lines are half in the clay soil, half behind fallen trunks. Between the two the main body of the soldiers live like animals of the woodlands, burrowing on the hillsides and among the roots of the trees.

Ten Shots to One. At three different points I have visited the front in this broad region, wandering from the lines of one army corps to that of another. In all three I found the same conditions, and in three I found also the same pleasing fact which I had discovered at Soissons, that the fire of the French was at least five, and often ten, shots to one of the Germans. It used not to be so. The Germans used to scrupulously return shot for shot. But whether they have moved their guns to the neighboring Verdun, or whether, as is more likely, all the munitions are going there, it is certain that they were very outclassed upon the three days of June which I allude to. There were signs that for some reason their spirits were at a low ebb. On the evening before our arrival the French had massed all their tanks at the front, and in honor of the Russian victory, had played the "Mar-

cellaise" and the Russian national hymn, winding up with general shouting and jubilation calculated to annoy. Failing to stir up the Germans, they had ended by a salute from a hundred shotguns. After trailing their coats up and down the line they had finally given up the attempt to draw the enemy. The French officers assured me that the prisoners and deserters made bitter complaints of their scale of rations. And yet it is hard to believe that the fine efforts of our enemy at Verdun are the work of half-starved or dispirited men.

Divisional General. To return to my personal impressions, it was at Chalons that we left the Paris train—a town which was just touched by the most forward ripple of the first great German flood tide. A drive of some twenty miles took us to St. Meneshoult, and another ten brought us to the front in the sector of the Divisional General. A fine soldier this, and heaven help Germany if he and his division get within its border, for he is, as one can see at a glance, a man of iron who has been goaded to fierceness by all that his beloved country has endured.

He is a man of middle size, swarthy, hawklike, very abrupt in his movements, with two steel grey eyes, which are most searching that mine have ever met. His hospitality and courtesy to us were beyond all bounds, but there is another side to him, and it is one which it is wiser not to provoke. In person he took shot-torn villages behind the great forest: is one particular spot which is visible to the German artillery observers. The General mentioned it at the time, but his remark seemed to have no per-

sonal interest. We understood it better on our return in the evening.

In Depths of Woods. Now we found ourselves in depth of the woods, the primitive woods of oak and beach in the deep that the great oak leaves. There had been rain and the forest paths were ankle deep in mire.

Everywhere to right and left, soldiers' faces, hard and rough from a year of open air, gazed up at us from their burrows in the ground. Presently an alera, blue-clad figure stood in the forest to greet us. It was the Colonel of the sector.

He was ridiculously like Cyrano de Bergerac as depicted by the late M. Coquelin, save that his nose was of more moderate proportion. The ruddy coloring, the bristling feline full-fledged mustache, the solidity of pose, the backward tilt of the head, the general suggestion of the bantam cock, were all there in the sunlit, Gantlets and a long rapier—nothing else was wanted. Something had amused Cyrano. His mustache quivered with suppressed mirth, and his blue eyes were demurely gleaming. Then the joke came out. He had spotted a German working party, his guns had concentrated on it, and afterwards he had seen the stretchers go forward. A grim joke, it may seem, but the French see this war from a different angle to us.

Discipline Not Lacking. We passed in a little procession among the French soldiers, and viewed their multifarious arrangements. For them we were a little break in a monotonous life and they formed up in lines as we passed. My own British uniform and the civilian dresses of my two companions interested them. As the general passed these groups, who formed themselves up in perhaps a more familiar manner than would have been usual in the British service, he glanced kindly at them with those singular eyes of his, and once or twice addressed them as "Mes enfants." One might conceive that all was "so you please" among the French. So it was as long as you